

CAPT. MAYNE REID "AT HOME!" "El Capitan; or, the Queen of the Lakes," NEXT WEEK!

# The Star Journal

COPYRIGHTED IN 1879 BY BEADLE AND ADAMS.

Vol. IX.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

TERMS IN ADVANCE { One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year, . 2.00  
Two copies, one year, . 3.00

No. 465

## WOULD YE ENTER?

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Oh hastes! The night is nearing,  
The day grows late, so late.  
The lamps of Heaven are lighted  
The while you stand and wait.  
Perchance, the while you linger,  
The bridegroom enters in,  
And knocking at the portals  
You can no entrance win.

If wakened from your dreaming,  
By bridegroom drawing nigh,  
To him you passeth by,  
The while he passeth by.  
Oh sore will be your sorrow,  
When knocking at the gate  
You find it barred and bolted,  
And you are come too late!

Rouse up, oh foolish laggards,  
Your lamps I pray you trim,  
Then when the bridegroom cometh  
You'll be ready for him.  
And when, with marriage music,  
You pass the open gate,  
Your heart will thrill with rapture,  
That you are not too late.

## Dick Dimity:

OR,

The Pet of the Family.

A Strange Story of a Haunted Boy  
and a Phantom Father.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMING,  
AUTHOR OF "JACK HARKAWAY," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN OF THE TRUANT.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day after the running away of Dick Dimity.

The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky and the boys were running about, merrily at play.

Inside the house, with its palatial surroundings, in which lived Mr. Dimity, there was deep and heartfelt sorrow.

It was a house of mourning.

That day Mrs. Dimity had been laid in her last home in the cold, cheerless cemetery, and as her husband sat alone in his library, the memory of years rushed over him like a flood, and he wept.

He was interrupted by the entrance of his little daughter, Fanny, who rushed boisterously into the apartment.

"Papa! papa!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Hush, my child!" replied Mr. Dimity, reprovingly. "Have you so soon forgotten that we have had death in the house?"

"Oh, no papa; I can never, never forget my dear, poor mamma!" she answered, wiping her eyes. "But, Dick has come back!"

Mr. Dimity sprang to his feet, and his red, swollen eyes flashed wildly.

"Dick—come—back!" he repeated, slowly.

"Wrretched boy!" It is fitting that he should have chosen this cold day for his reappearance. Where is he?"

"In the hall, with a strange gentleman."

"Tell him to come in here," said Mr. Dimity, adding, in a low voice. "thank Heaven for giving me back my boy; though he was the cause of my losing my wife—his mother!"

A few minutes elapsed, when Fanny reappeared, leading a boy by the hand, followed by a middle-aged man, dressed in a suit of black.

"I've come back, father!" said the boy, "and I want to ask your forgiveness."

"Have you heard of your mother's sad death?" inquired Mr. Dimity. "We buried her to-day."

"Yes," replied Island Jim, for it was he, in his new character, "and I'm very sorry for it; but you can't blame me and it's no use beginning that sort of thing. If you do, I'll run away again, and stay away."

"What am I to understand by that?" inquired Mr. Dimity.

"Make what you like out of it," replied Jim.

The boy was playing a part in which he had been cast by accident by E. F. Beadle.

The latter stepped up to Mr. Dimity and folding his hands demurely in front of him, said, with a pious snuffle, "My worthy friend, allow me to speak in this misguided boy's behalf."

"Who are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Dimity.

"One of the elect, I sincerely hope. It is my humble province to be a deacon of the church in the township, wherein I dwell, but, verily, this is a sinful world."

"How did you meet with my boy?" continued Mr. Dimity, who was completely deceived by the likeness between Dick and Jim.

"He had penetrated into Pennsylvania, sir, and being an-hungred and athirst, he came to my door and did beg a meal of broken victuals."

"Beg? my boy beg?"

"Of a verity, he had to beg or steal, and so chose the former alternative. Feeling interested in a lad of his comely presence, I took him in and did give him wherewithal to satisfy his hunger; then he confessed to me his story and I prevailed upon him to come back to the fold, like the lost sheep, spoken or out of the hymn of the Ninety and Nine."

"I'll make a gesture of impatience."

"The old tap means to say," he exclaimed,

"that I was done broke and he paid my way home. That is all there is in it, and if you don't want me, I'll start out again."

Belasazzar held up his hands in depreciation.

"I had hoped, sir," he said, "that the young man's recent experience, and the affliction with which he has been visited, would have softened his heart. I fear he requires some one to look after his moral character and forge the bonds of righteousness about his soul."

"My good sir," replied Mr. Dimity, "you speak well, you mean well; I am sure you are an honest man."

"How well he knows me," murmured Belasazzar.

"I feel that you are an honest citizen of—"

"Charityville, Pennsylvania."

"Thank you! I never heard of the place, but—"

"A mere trifle of a place, sir—a little village in the oil regions, but of a God-fearing population."



Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty Dick was brought to the surface.

"And you are an esteemed deacon of the church, all love you, your life is spent in doing good to your fellow-creatures!" continued Mr. Dimity.

"He reads me like a book," said Belasazzar, rubbing his hands unctuously together.

"Will you, dear sir, will you undertake the tuition and guidance, in a spiritual sense, of my misguided boy?"

"For a consideration?"

"Certainly; you shall have a handsome stipend."

"Charityville will miss me," exclaimed Belasazzar, in a tone which had imposed upon many a prison chaplain: "the wail of the orphan deprived of his friend, will be heard in the land; but, as I have no family ties to hold me back, I accept the offer."

"You accept?"

"I do, unquestionably. The voice of duty calls me. I will strive hard with the world and the flesh, to snatch this brand from the burning."

"Mr. Dimity, simple-minded and too honest to be suspicious, said: "I thank you."

They shook hands, and then the bereaved father caught Jim in his embrace and kissed his cheek. I accept the offer."

"My son," he exclaimed, pathetically, "all is forgotten and forgiven. Lead a new life."

"I'll try, father," answered Jim, "and as I see you feel bad I'll leave you alone for the present. Come, sis. Is my room as I left it?"

Fanny replied that it was, and ran up-stairs before him, which was very useful, as he had not the remotest idea which way to go.

Dick's room was plainly furnished, and filled with books, guns, fishing-rods, base-ball bats and other things which youth delights in.

"Oh, you naughty brother!" said Fanny, "to run away: but you'll never do it again."

"Not till next time. Run and tell one of the servants to bring some cigars and some beer; and say, sis, is that old Mandragon in that garden?"

Dick looked out of the window.

"Yes, that is he—nasty, cross old thing!" she replied.

Jim took up a putty-blower, and opening the window, shot a couple of pellets at Mr. Mandragon, which struck that gentleman painfully in the eye and on the ear.

"Mebbe somet'ng's hurts you, und den you die mit somet'ng's else!" answered her father.

"Please let me go!"

"Donner und blitzen! Dot girl is like her mudder; she most always have her own way."

"You always let me have mine, too," said Lena, kissing him.

"I lofe my Lena. Go den and gom pack soon, mit der news," cried her father.

Lena, with the fair hair and blue, liquid, talking eyes ran off.

She was gone about five minutes, and when she returned her face was pale and her manner strangely agitated.

"Oh! father," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

"Donner-wetter! der midschen, has seen ein ghost!" Mr. Herschell asked.

"What is it?"

"There is a man in the well, all covered with blood and—oh! it is so dreadful! I think he is dead."

"I beg your pardon, miss!" he replied. "It was all Tom Bennett's carelessness."

"How you stare at me!" she fretted. "One wo'l dthink you had never seen me before."

"I—I—that is, of course, I recollect you, but I can't think where I have met you before," stammered Jim.

The girl laughed as if much amused.

"That's very complimentary to me, Mr. Dimity," she said, "considering that we were playfellows all last year, and that you did me the honor to admire me—at least you said so."

"Oh, yes. I know you now. It was only my

Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty the body was brought to the surface.

There was a slight pulsation of the heart, and a blade of dry grass, placed against the lips, fluttered, showing that there was a feeble respiration.

"He was not dead yet!" said Herschell. "Send for der herr doctor and der richter shudige! Look at dot head! It vos all crushed in, poor boy!"

Carl hastened to send one of the farm hands for a medical man, and then assisted to carry the body into the house, where it was charitably placed upon a bed.

Good-hearted people were these Germans, and though the boy was ragged and looked poverty-stricken, like a tramp, they did not neglect to do their duty to their neighbor.

Like the Samaritan, they refused to pass by on the other side of the way, but poured oil and wine—figuratively—into his wounds.

The half dead boy was Dick Dimity, whom Belasazzar and Island Jim thought they had silenced forever.

Tenderly, as if it had been her own brother, Lena washed the clotted blood from his hair and face.

When the doctor arrived, he examined the body carefully.

"This has been a brutal attempt at murder," he said. "The skull is fractured, and I fear there is concussion of the brain. To move him will be certain death. With you, he may recover."

Mr. Herschell spoke to his wife.

"Doctor," he said, "he shall stay here. We are Christians. I will pay your bill. Isch dot satisfactory?"

The doctor dressed the wounds, left a prescription for a febrifuge, and promised to call again soon.

For many days and nights Dick remained unconscious, but he did not die. Thanks to the kind treatment, delicate nursing and medical skill he received, all aided by a strong constitution, he battled bravely with death and gained the mastery.

But when he grew well again, after the lapse of many weeks, he had a vacant stare in his eyes, an unmeaning expression about his face and an idiotic smile when spoken to.

All this was very sad and painful to his good friends, the Herschells, who appealed to the doctor about this strange symptom.

He was of opinion that the brain was injured and that the boy was an idiot. Whether he would ever recover his faculties or not, he would not venture to say, though he had known cases of loss of reason, arising from a similar cause, cured in time.

"Watch and wait," he concluded.

Again the charity of the Herschells was called into active operation. Most people, under the circumstances, would have sent the helpless boy to the County House, where he would have been placed among the insane poor.

They did nothing of the sort; they kept him with them and let him wander harmlessly about the farm, and sit down at their table and live like one of themselves.

"What is your name?" asked Lena, over and over again.

He would shake his head sadly.

"I don't know," he replied. "I had a name, once, but it went away from me that night when all was so dark."

"Forsuing her astute catechism, she would say:

"What is your home?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"It is all gone. I can recollect nothing," he would reply. "I will try though; some day it may come back to me. If I could only think of something, I might get it all; but now it is blank, blank, blank."

He was very grateful to them for their kindness, and always anxious to do any odd job they might have on the farm, compatible with his strength.

And so he got to be one of the family, and the "boy," as they called him, was pitied and liked by all.

We must leave Dick Dimity, struggling with his mind-darkness in the family of the Herschells, while we return to Island Jim and his rascally mentor, Eneas Belasazzar.

### CHAPTER V.

THE BOY OBEYS A BAD COMMAND.

ALTHOUGH his daring venture had been successful so far, and he was living in luxury such as he had never before been accustomed to, dark clouds were gathering around Island Jim.

A stone was about to fall over his head, and though the stone was no bigger than a man's hand at present, it threatened in process of time to assume formidable dimensions.

He was one morning, amusing himself by playing ball with Tommy Bennett in the garden at the back of the house. The ball went over the fence into Mr. Mandragon's yard, owing to Tommy's carelessness, and its flight was followed by a slight scream.

"There you go again, butter-fingers!" shouted Jim. "Now somebody's hit and I've got the blame."

"A lot you care!" replied Tommy.

Without answering him Jim climbed the fence, and springing down on the other side behind a charming young lady, who was holding her hand to her face, which had been grazed by the ball.

"How very careless you are!" she exclaimed, in a tone of vexation.

Jim stood all alone with admiration, and his fixed gaze was almost undeceivable.

Tall, dark, slim

fun. How are you, and when did you come back?" asked Jim, trying to brazen it out.

"Last night; but tell me who I am?"

"What nonsense! Old friends don't want to

joke like this. Excuse me a moment. I am

scarcely fit to be seen after playing ball. I'll

go and fix myself up, and come round to the

front."

Without allowing her to say anything more,

he kissed the tips of his fingers to her and van-

ed again over the fence.

Tommy had been watching him through a

hole in the woodwork.

"You're a nice fellow! Where's the ball?" he said.

"Oh! hang the ball! I'm not going to play

any more," replied Jim.

"I see how it is," retorted Tom, laughing.

"Directly you saw Mercedita you couldn't think

of anyone else."

"Mercedita!" repeated Jim, to himself.

"What a pretty name! So, it appears, I am in

love with Mercedita! Well, I have no objection."

"Where has she been?" he asked, aloud.

"My God!" responded Jonathan Miles, "we are doomed!"

"It looks shadowy for us, boys," Occident continued, "they are a pack of murderous Sioux, lurking all down in this country what hasn't been a hostile for two years, and as they're after hair, this outfit may furnish 'em about seven head-roads."

Jim ran into the house, and brushing his hair, put on his most fascinating neck-tie; after which he visited Mr. Mandragorn's house.

The servant refused him admittance.

"Mr. Mandragorn, sir," said the servant, "has left word that you are to be told that the family are not at home to you."

Jim bit his lips with vexation.

In the hall he saw the young lady leaning on her uncle's arm.

"Mercedita!" he exclaimed.

She gave him a cold stare and passed into the drawing-room with her relation.

Jim retired in disgust and felt very mean.

"My dear child," said Mr. Mandragorn, to her, "my conduct may seem harsh, but I do not wish you to renew your former intimacy with that young man."

"Young men are always law to me, uncle," replied Mercedita.

"He is bad, worthless and wicked. Only lately he perpetrated a forgery on his father."

"Indeed! What seemed strange to me was that he did not know me. There is something peculiar about him; he does not seem the same Dick Dimity to me."

Mr. Mandragorn started.

"The same idea had occurred to me," he said. "It is singular it should strike us both. There is a mystery somewhere, though it is useless to suggest it to Dimity; he scorns the idea."

"What do you think, uncle?"

"My opinion is to give my thoughts words. We must leave it to the time to travel which appears so strange and contradictory."

While this conversation took place between the lovely Mercedita and her uncle, Jim walked down to the hotel to visit his guide, philosopher and friend.

To his surprise he met Eneas Belshazzar in the street.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said he.

"To me, also. I am glad I have met you," replied the Gipsy.

"Then what is it in his manner which showed that something of an unusual nature had occurred, for he was strangely excited?"

"Anything gone wrong?" inquired Jim, his heart coming into his throat, as he feared that they were detected.

"Yes; I must have those jewels at once."

"Can't you wait till night, when the house is quiet and all are asleep?" asked Jim.

"I cannot; the fact is I must cut and run as soon as possible," replied Eneas. "How long I shall be away I don't know, but I will communicate steadily with you, who must run the master like a flint. If I do, I'll have a hundred men here from the Platte Settlements before night."

The old man took one of the canvas tilts and some ropes and lariats and constructed a square sail which he adjusted, in good order, to the mast. A rope was then attached to the ends of the fore-axe, just inside the wheels, for a steering apparatus, and Occident was ready to sail.

"Now, boys," he said, mounting the east of the wind-sail, "when I say the word, cut her loose and let her flicker. I'll sail south-east with the wind and if the Injins git too thick in that direction I'll veer off to the south and take the wind on my quarter. But of all you do, boys, keep a stiff upper lip, and if the devils attempt to steal a march on you, don't give up as long as you're breath. It may be they'll break their lines when I sail out, so you can escape. If you do, make tracks to the point we left yesterday mornin'. Now, then, cut her loose!"

"Ah, I begin to see," exclaimed Jim.

"We went to Los Angeles in lower California, where he found us out. I fled; he killed his wife and took a solemn oath at the old Mission church there, that he would never rest till he had slain me, and I have always had an idea he would keep his word."

"Well?"

"Last night I met him in the street, and he recognized me in the crowd. I slipped away, but I am uneasy. I dare not stay in the same city with el Señor Manuel de García, for that man's presence means death to me."

"Go armed! What have you to be afraid of?"

The Gipsy shivered like a leaf.

"I am not either morally or physically, a coward," he rejoined, "yet I lose my manhood when I think of García. For ten years a blight has been on me. Nothing that I have touched has prospered with me, except this last venture of ours. I must go!"

"Whither?" asked Jim.

"I know not. Anywhere out of his way. I think I'll try one of the West India Islands for a while. Now you see why I must have money

on board," he added.

Old Jim's resolution was soon taken.

"Wait for me at the hotel," he ordered. "It is risky, but I'll do it for your sake."

They parted, and Jim returned to the house, to learn from the servant that Mr. Dimity was launching at Mr. Mandragorn's.

He knew that Mrs. Dimity's jewels, valued at a very large sum, were locked in the drawer of a bureau in her husband's sleeping apartment. There was no doubt about this, because Mr. Dimity had once, in a moment of confidence, shown them to him.

Being an adept at picking locks, he provided himself with a piece of wire and ascended to the room. The servants were all below, dinner, and Fanny had gone to school. Pulling down the curtains of the windows he set to work, and in five minutes his practiced hand had succeeded in opening the drawer.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 464.)

## Old Occident's Stratagem.

BY OLL COOMES.

It was night upon the Grand Prairie of Nebraska, which was some years ago—before the U. P. railroad had carried its civilization influence over that vast domain of the wild buffalo and wild savages. It was a March night, wild and tempestuous; so, at least, thought that little band of homesteaders that was encamped in the very heart of that great plain.

The party consisted of seven men, one of whom was Old Occident, a famous hunter, who was acting as guide for the others. Two wagons and a spring-board buggy, each drawn by two horses, composed the outfit of the homesteaders, as men seeking homes upon the Government lands were called.

In leaving the settlement that morning, Occident felt satisfied of their ability to reach the

timber on the opposite side of the prairie; but owing to a strong wind blowing in their faces, their progress was slow and they were compelled to go into camp on the open plain; and that, too, with some strange, suspicious-looking objects hovering along the western horizon. They were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages, and the presence of savages there meant *war-hate*.

"It's Injins," declared Old Occident, "it's a band o' raiders from the Nor'-west, and they may give us trouble."

Every precaution was taken to guard against danger. The night fell black, starless and wild. Black clouds rolled through the ethereal deep like billows on a maddened ocean, and the cold March wind came shrieking down from the north-west with unrelenting fury.

The homesteaders were compelled to remove the canvas tilts from their wagons to keep them from being whipped to shreds and the wagons themselves. They covered them with their only shelter and made the wagon all the more cold and disagreeable; but after long hours of waiting morning dawned, cold and bleak, with a fearful wind still blowing from the north-west. But this was not the worst; every horse was gone! while out upon the prairie, upon all sides and corners, were a hundred hostile Indians.

"Surrounded, by the shades of the temple?" exclaimed Old Occident.

"My God!" responded Jonathan Miles, "we are doomed!"

"It looks shadowy for us, boys," Occident continued, "they are a pack of murderous Sioux, lurking all down in this country what hasn't been a hostile for two years, and as they're after hair, this outfit may furnish 'em about seven head-roads."

"Do you think they'll make a charge upon us?" asked Miles.

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"They would if they knew how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through their lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do about it? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach those lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

</

Ainslie, de mate, an' me, an' half a dozen niggers."

"All of them true to your young master?"

"De niggers is, missy; guess de mate would be, too."

"Very well, here is a little present for you. Remember, be on the watch," and slipping several pieces of gold into Dave's honest palm, the maiden bade the coahuman drive down to the pier, in front of which lay her father's vessel.

Here Rena alighted, signaled a boat, and was rowed on board the cruiser, the *padre* awaiting ashore in the *volante* for her.

"Is my father on board, señor?" she asked of the officer who came after her in the boat.

"He is not, señorita."

"He is, lady."

"Be him come to me in the cabin, please."

In a few moments the officer sent for, a captain of marines, entered, and found the maiden pacing the cabin nervously; her face was pale, excepting two red spots that burned upon either cheek.

He was a young man, under thirty, and with a tall, elegant form.

His face was very dark, handsome and full of character.

A dashing, splendid fellow, was Andrea Angelos, and one who had won his rank by gallantry, for he was a Cuban, and not a Spaniard, and upon that score Captain De Silva had objected to him as a suitor for his daughter's hand. As for Rena, she had shown him no more preference than she had a hundred others, and upon his offering himself, had refused him.

"Be seated, Señor Capitán."

"Not while you stand, señorita."

Rena threw herself into an easy-chair, and the young officer followed her example.

"Señor, you once did me the honor of saying you loved me?" and the maiden's face now crimsoned.

"I told you the truth, señorita."

"And now, señor?"

The officer seemed surprised; but he answered:

"Time has but added to my love for you, señorita."

"Will you prove your love for me, Andrea Angelos?"

"Ay, lady, that will I," was the eager response.

"You are honored, I believe, by being selected to execute the mutineers, on to-morrow afternoon?"

"I am, señorita."

"The place of execution is the plateau outside of the city walls, and fronting on the sea?"

"It is, lady."

"Now, Andrea Angelos, listen to me, and if you do as I ask you, I promise to become your wife whenever you name the day."

Andrea Angelos sprang to his feet in delighted astonishment.

"Hear me. If you refuse, swear that you will not betray me in anything that I may do."

"I swear it, lady; how can I serve you? Name it, for I consent."

Ronaldo De Silva leaned forward and whispered to the young officer bold plan she had formed for the escape of Morte the mutineer.

"If that fails he is lost," said to the now surprised but delighted officer.

"And you have promised, Señor Angelos?"

"Then I shall keep my promise and become your wife. Now see me to my boat."

The young officer escorted the maiden to the waiting barge, and raised his hat as she rowed shoreward, a happy look upon his face, as he muttered:

"I would risk ten times as much for her, no doubt she is!"

Had he heard the muttered words of Rena, as she left the vessel's side, he would have been even happier:

"It is no concession on my part to marry him, for I have loved him from the first time we met, and I only refused him because I did not wish to be yet bound by an engagement."

The *padre* was patiently awaiting her, and entering the vehicle it rolled off again toward the Moro.

Driving through the gateway the *padre* sprang from the *volante*, leaving the maiden within.

The permit of the Governor-General gained him at once permission to again visit the prisoner, and he was absent an hour, during which time Rena awaited him in the carriage, listening to the complimentary discourse of the colonel-commandant, who spied the De Silva livery on the coachman and came out.

"I have given the poor men what consolation I could, daughter."

It was the deep voice of the *padre* behind the commandant, who seemed reluctant that the holy father's spiritual advice had not continued longer.

"You saw him?" was the maiden's eager question as they drove away.

"Yes, and told him our plan."

"Bueno! and the others?"

"I visited the cell of each of the condemned, daughter, and they all know what to expect."

"Oh! how I thank you, and I will give to your Order handsome golden souvenir. I do trust all may go well now."

"To the priest, daughter. The hour will be in their favor."

"Immeasurably; what strange feeling caused me to beg the Governor-General for a respite until sunset I cannot understand; I wanted to gain time, I suppose, for I had no other motive though he suspected me of having. Again let me thank you, and here I will leave you, and my carriage can drive you back to the monastery. Adios."

The maiden left the vehicle at the water's edge, and the priest was driven to his gloomy home in the abodes of a monastery.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

## The Fresh of Frisco;

### The Heiress of Buenaventura.

A Story of Southern California.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,"  
"THE POLICE SPY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW  
YORK," "THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA,"  
"PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MAN  
FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES,"  
"OWLS OF NEW YORK,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVII.

THE ESCAPE.

THE timely suggestion of the masked chief proved the salvation of the disguised men, for, by throwing themselves flat upon their faces, they were enabled to breathe with comparative ease, for the strange vapor which had arisen so suddenly, and in such a mysterious way from the furnace obeyed the strange law of nature and floated out into the rest of the cavern.

So dense was the vapor-like smoke that, even the blazing torches failed to make an impression upon it, and like lights burning in a fog, were walled in by leaden gloom.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the disguised man, who had stood by the side of the masked judge, and who, in throwing himself upon the floor had still kept near to the chief.

"The fiend only knows!" the judge replied, angrily.

"Do you suppose that the Indian had any thing to do with it?"

"Perhaps," and then a sudden thought flashed over the speaker's mind. "Why, it is a thousand to one that he produced it."

"Produced it—how?"

"Cast some drug into the furnace; these peons are skilled in herbs and roots, and I have often heard that this José was a mighty medicineman; the cunning rascal has overreached us."

"But I do not understand—what can he gain by this trick?"

"Liberty; he saw that we were disposed to put him to the quick, and as he was not able to oppose force he decided what cunning would effect. This is an old mine, you know; it was here where the town was first settled; it is evidently an old mine, for its bears marks of having been worked; no white men though ever had a hand in it; it is one of the secret entrances of the Indians, for the very entrance to it even is carefully hidden, and it was only by accident that I stumbled upon it, and I have kept the knowledge of the mountain passage within my own breast. I caused the underground way to the Alcalde's Ranch to be constructed, for I saw how useful the cavern would prove. Now it is just possible that this lying scamp of a red-skin knows all the ins and outs of the cave much better than I do. If you remember, when the men went to fetch him a minute or so ago he was not there, and when I went myself and saw him lying curled up on the floor, I believed that they had carelessly overlooked him, although I could not very well understand how they could do such a thing. They protested stoutly that they had used their eyes as well as they knew how, and that when they had gone the first time into the cell they had seen nothing. Of course I cursed them for a couple of careless rascals, but I am satisfied that they spoke the truth. The peon was not there. He knows some secret passage which leads from that little cave. It is probable that, in the old time, this cavern was not only a mine but served as a place of refuge for the red-men in the time of danger, and that is the reason why all the winding passages, which apparently lead nowhere—the end being barred by the solid rock—were constructed. Each and every one had some secret outlet skillfully constructed, and so cunningly arranged as to baffle the most searching eyes. You have followed me in this?"

"Yes, and you think the Indian, perceiving that you intended to force the secret of Miguel Scott from him, resolved to escape rather than to betray the son of his old master?"

"Indeed I was," the youth replied, frankly, "and I trust that it will be many a long day before I come as near to death as I have been this night."

"I for one won't forget it, my red friend." Blake observed, "and the day may come when I can repay the service. "If it ever does, rest assured you may command me, even to the secret of their mountain retreat."

"I will join them," the Californian answered, promptly. "What care I? If I win my fight, I shall be rich enough to give them a fortune apiece, and if I understand human nature aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has money enough to seek a civilized home, either in this land or another; if I fail I shall probably meet my death at the hands of my brutal foes, and then what matter oaths and secrets to me?"

"You reason shrewdly; and with the aid of my Wolves I think the chances are ten to one that you will win!" Blake cried, impressed with the spirit of the youth. "And now, let's be off; for we have some miles to cover. You have faced the Black Men of Tejon to-night; now try the Wolves, and see if they won't treat you better!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

then plunging into another secret passage, led the way to the outer air, and after some fifteen or twenty minutes' walk through the underground passages, came out on the mountain-side in a little grove of scrubby pines, high up above the town of Tejon Camp, which was plainly visible to the eyes of the three, bathed in the rays of the pale moonlight falling down in the valley.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COMPACT.

For the first time the escaped prisoners looked upon the face of their rescuer, José, the Liar—who possessed such a wonderful knowledge of the secret passages of the underground judgment-hall of the Black Men of Tejon.

The old Indian, scantily clad, with his long black hair streaming down upon his shoulders from under his ragged-edged sombrero, looked like anything but a hero, but there was no disputing the fact that the peon, with his cunning trick, aided by his wonderful knowledge of the underground passages, had saved the lives of the two captives.

"Well, old fellow, you have done us a good turn, to-night!" Blake exclaimed. "I say us, he continued, turning to the Californian, "for I presume that you were in a tight place, too?"

"Indeed I was," the youth replied, frankly, "and I trust that it will be many a long day before I come as near to death as I have been this night."

"I for one won't forget it, my red friend." Blake observed, "and the day may come when I can repay the service. "If it ever does, rest assured you may command me, even to the secret of their mountain retreat."

"I will join them," the Californian answered, promptly. "What care I? If I win my fight, I shall be rich enough to give them a fortune apiece, and if I understand human nature aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has money enough to seek a civilized home, either in this land or another; if I fail I shall probably meet my death at the hands of my brutal foes, and then what matter oaths and secrets to me?"

"You reason shrewdly; and with the aid of my Wolves I think the chances are ten to one that you will win!" Blake cried, impressed with the spirit of the youth. "And now, let's be off; for we have some miles to cover. You have faced the Black Men of Tejon to-night; now try the Wolves, and see if they won't treat you better!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

moon, high up in the heavens, witnessed the compact.

"And now, if you choose, I can bring to your assistance some good, stout fellows who will be more than a match for double their number of these Tejon Camp bullies," Blake remarked.

"You can!" and the Californian opened his eyes in wonder.

"They are black sheep, every one of them, but we must fight fire with fire."

"No master who or what he is, so long as they will back me up and help me to fight these villains of this robber town!"

"The men I speak of have a haunt in the mountains only a few miles from here," Blake explained. "They are outlaws, every man of them; not a living soul in the band but for whom an outraged law is reaching."

"I care not so long as they fight my battles for me, and if I succeed, I will make every man of them rich beyond their wildest dreams."

"But one thing I had forgotten," Blake added.

"Well, what is it?"

"It will be necessary for you to join the outlaw band, or otherwise I cannot trust you with the secret of their mountain retreat."

"I will join them," the Californian answered, promptly.

"What care I? If I win my fight, I shall be rich enough to give them a fortune apiece, and if I understand human nature aright, the band will dissolve immediately when each member has money enough to seek a civilized home, either in this land or another; if I fail I shall probably meet my death at the hands of my brutal foes, and then what matter oaths and secrets to me?"

"You reason shrewdly; and with the aid of my Wolves I think the chances are ten to one that you will win!" Blake cried, impressed with the spirit of the youth. "And now, let's be off; for we have some miles to cover. You have faced the Black Men of Tejon to-night; now try the Wolves, and see if they won't treat you better!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 460.)

misery while that trio quaffed cup after cup of the glorious liquor, and still further tantalized by the appetizing smell which the favoring breeze wafted to his nostrils, what wonder was it that Whisky Joe decided upon a course of action that, if instigated by a less ignoble passion, would have been actually heroic! He, wholly unarmed though he was, resolved to assault the three armed soldiers, and capture their prize, or perish in the attempt.

The night was a starless mockery lying close to him and was not deceived him. He was so close that one vigorous leap would carry him within striking distance; the surprise and his own strong arm would do the rest.

No sooner devised than executed. With a series of yells addressed to imaginary comrades, Joe leaped forward and knocked one man senseless before he could realize his danger. A second fell likewise, but the third rolled back and drew a revolver. He fired but one shot, and that in vain, before the wiry old man was upon him, his claw-like fingers almost meeting in the flesh, and never relaxing their grip until the fellow lay limp and lifeless beneath Joe's knee.

Highly elated with his bloodless victory, Joe took one long drink, then, using strips cut from their own clothing, bound his captives securely hand and foot.

Ten minutes later, a scouting party of Federal soldiers, whose curiosity had been awakened by the pistol-shot in a region where martial law was in force, looked out upon a quantity of Indians scene.

Joe and his captives were seated around the keg, playing cards "for the drinks." As his were the only hands at liberty, Joe dealt for all, facing all cards but his own, and with a cocked pistol lying before him, politely advising each captive in turn which card he had better play.

It is hardly necessary to add that the drunks were all won and disposed of by the one man.

From this exploit, Joe gained not a little notoriety, and as long as he served in the army, he was a privileged character. At times he did good service, especially as a scout and spy, but that was only when it was impossible to procure liquor.

He was finally discharged at St. Louis, with several hundred dollars in back pay. An hour afterward he had not a cent left. A well-dressed stranger met him, one hand over his eye, great apparent pain, and begged him to extract the bullet from his head. Kind-hearted Joe sought for it in vain, and while doing so, the stranger quietly picked his pocket.

Ashamed of being duped, Joe kept the story secret and started on foot for St. Joseph, and walked every step of the way, old as he was.

It may be as well to add that I learned what is here set down from the lips of the old man himself, and have no doubt of its truth.

## An Odd Character.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

WHATEVER faults "Young Joe" Robidoux may have had a lack of patriotism was not among them. When the long civil war broke out, Joe, though then far beyond the prime of life, was one of the first who enlisted in the Missouri. Almost the entire regiment, but the company in particular to which Joe belonged, was composed of men from in and around St. Joe, so that the veteran's many foibles were treated with greater leniency than would otherwise have been the case.

The Indian misunderstood the youth.



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

The STAR JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominions. Parties unable to obtain a newspaper or those preferring to have the paper sent direct by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

TERMS to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:  
One copy, four months, \$1.00  
" " one year, 3.00  
Two copies, one year, 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The post is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

### THE GREAT STORY-TELLER In His Favorite Field!

In our next we give the opening chapters of Capt. Mayne Reid's new short serial story—

### EL CAPITAN; OR, The Queen of the Lakes.

A Romance of the Mexican Valley.

In which the Gallant Captain of U. S. Dragoons plays a heroic part as soldier, defender of woman's honor and lover:—a series of adventures in the Mexican capital, on its singular lakes and among its wonderful floating islands:—a fine portrayal of life in the City of the Montezumas when the American Army under General Scott held it in occupation:—a beautiful love story, with a real Indian Princess—the Queen of the Lakes—for heroine and subject of central interest. Altogether,

Mayne Reid in His Happiest Mood, and so spirited, lively and entertaining, that, like the Ball of the Season, readers will wish it were twice longer.

Philip S. Warne's New Story!

### BOWIE, The Knight of Chivalry;

OR,  
What a Woman Will Do.

Gambler, duelist and adventurer though James Bowie was he was a type of man rarely met even in the country of rare characters—the West and South. In local remembrances his memory is preserved in the stories of his terrible duels, and especially of that one wherein he and his antagonist—each armed with a long two-edged knife—were stripped and locked in a room, and from that

### Death Grapple in the Dark

Bowie alone came forth alive, but fearfully wounded in all parts of his body. Which affair is one of the incidents of this romance. But he was neither ruffian nor blackguard; on the contrary, was possessed of a fine sense of honor; was honest, truthful and temperate; and that he was capable of love in its purest, noblest sense, this almost

### TERribly DRAMATIC STORY

gives ample evidence. It is a tale of New Orleans depicting something of its fast and feverish life, two generations ago, when "gentlemen" gambled, and fought duels, and dissipated generally; but, though redolent of such facts, they but form the groundwork from which spring the

Love, Passion, Suffering and Heroism that render the work one of entralling interest and moral beauty.

To Commence in No. 467.

### Sunshine Papers.

#### For You and for Me.

Said a young mother, one night, while rocking her baby asleep, to a little lisper just put in bed, "Why are you calling me?"

"Ise wants my hans wassed. Dey's all ticky!"

"You naughty boy!" said the lady, not very severely but reprovingly. "I cannot wash your hands until baby is asleep; so be quiet until then."

But presently she discovered that the little fellow was sobbing; and though she endeavored to hush him, and assured him that his hands should soon be wiped, he continued to give vent to his grief until his mother, surprised, for he was a remarkably good-humored, happy-tempered child, asked why he was crying. When, to her consternation, he sobbed out:

"Tos oo tay Ise notty boy! Oo teep taying Ise notty, notty boy!"

She soon was at liberty to wipe off the sticky little hands, and comfort and soothe to sleep their chubby owner. Then she meditated of the complaint registered against her by the small accuser, and critically recalling the past found that she had fallen into the habit of exclaiming at every trifling annoyance caused by her tiny son: "You naughty boy!" but, until now, had never dreamed that the child, so happy of disposition and scarcely three

years old, had heeded and fully comprehended her thoughtless words of censure. But he had, indeed, and his loving, tender little heart had been wounded again and again by his mother's irritable rebukes, until the burden had become too grievous to be longer borne.

Said she, relating the incident afterward: "It was a good lesson to me, to be thoughtful and just when I improved my children, and to restrain irritable and nervous outbreaks at small annoyances; such little things and such careless words may wound loving hearts."

And does not the incident hold a lesson for us all—for parents, for children, for brothers and sisters, for husbands and wives? Do we never make careless, thoughtless speeches, utter irritable reproofs or complaints, that may sink with bitter pain into the hearts of our loved ones? Do we never feel "out of sorts" and speak crossly, and look severe, and receive the proffered caress with indifference?

And yet—that one unkind word may sadden some hours that should be the happiest of your child's life; that rude speech may rankle with pain in your mother's heart for years; that hateful reply may rise uppermost in your brother's mind when he lies dying in a foreign land, and summoning to his memory recollections of home and kindred; that sarcasm may tingue many an unconceived meditation of your husband's with gall; that indifferent care and parting may blot all joy—for days—out of your wife's existence.

You call these little things? There are no little things—for as surely as the sea-shore is but the aggregated mass of individual grains of sand, and the boundless wastes of waters with myriad drops pulsing in unity, so is every word we utter—however thoughtless, however harsh, however unkind—one of the parts which round out our lives and the lives of others into a completed whole. And constant censure may result in divorcing your child's love from you; a few needless unkindnesses may destroy all the peace of your parent's life; rash speeches may lose one a brother's or a sister's affection and sympathy; sarcasm and indifference may alienate husbands and wives. The hearts of men and women are easily made sad, easily sown with jealousy and distrust, easily estranged. Then guard well against the careless speech, and the chilling manner. Let not sickness, weariness, nervousness, weariness, a temptation to retaliation, betray you into unkind censure of your dear ones.

Some persons are much less sensitive than others, but often the most sensitive dispositions are scarcely known, so shrinkingly are they hidden under reserve or seeming calm indifference. We may not judge of the extent of the wound our carelessness or unjust speech may give. We may not even judge of how much bitterness it may cost us, if some strange meting out of Providence should render it impossible to retract or forget it: if the "notty boy" has a little croaky cough, a few hours of suffering, and then lies a little wanex figure, unable to respond to wild embrace and passionate kisses; if father's gray hairs lie under the freshly-turned sods, or mother's dear, dim eyes have closed forever before we can recall that harsh word; if brother goes down "with the raging of the sea," and we have never taken back the cruel taunts; if husband never comes home to have the sarcasm recalled, while soft arms clasp his neck and soft tears drop upon his careworn but truthful face; if wife should never lift her dear eyes and glad face for a heartfelt caress. And, ah! we never know how long we shall have our darlings with us!

But, even if we retract the thoughtless speech, can we undo the stab of pain given with the saying of it! Never! The pain was real—it was suffered—but suffering we are powerless to undo, however we may seek to right the wrong, and do better in the future. Then why speak crossly in our homes? We forget?

But, do we forget when we have guests with us? If we can be thoughtful when we think we shall be hardly criticised by those who possess not the smallest share in our heart's affection, shall we not be thoughtful for love's sake alone? Let us try, dear readers! let us try! For this lesson is for you and for me—for every mortal to learn:

"If I had known in the morning  
How weary all the day  
The world would not trouble my mind,  
That I said when you went away,  
I had been more careful, darling,  
Nor given you needless pain;  
But we vex our own with look and tone  
We might never take back again."  
"For though in the quiet evening  
You may give me the kiss of peace,  
Yet I am not fit for that nearer for me  
The pain of the heart should cease!  
How many go forth at morning  
Who never come back at night  
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,  
That sorrow can ne'er set right."  
"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest;  
But for the true friend, darling,  
Though we love our own the best.  
Ahl lips with the shade of scorn,  
Ahl brow with the shade of scorn,  
Were a cruel fate, were the night too late,  
To undo the work of the morn."

#### A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### THE FUTURE: WHAT WILL IT BE?

As we become intensely interested in a novel, our curiosity is excited to such an extent that we cannot wait for the termination, but turn to the end "to see how the story turns out;" and so it is with personages by whom we are surrounded; we want to look ahead and see what parts our friends will assume in this great drama of life, on this stage of multifarious changes. I was led to this thought by seeing a number of young people passing my window on their way to school. I wondered what stations of life they would be called upon to fill, and in what manner they would occupy the same.

There was Annie, so gentle and retiring; so intent were her thoughts upon study as not to notice whether the sky was sunny or sunless; quiet in her manners and demeanor. Will all this change as she grows older? Will she want to wander up and down the country, expatiating on woman's wrongs? Will she want to vote? Will she neglect home, husband and children to champion the right of a Chinaman to become a citizen, or her own right to drive a tandem team? Or, will home be the dearest spot to her—husband and children be her dearest friends—and she be so truly womanly that friends will say she is but a little lower than the angels?

Then there was merry, happy-faced Horace—the little lad who always gives me a polite bow, as he passes my window, and who, if he sees I am busy, will wait until I look up from my writing so I am not deprived of my bow. Will he always be as thoughtful? Will he be kind and gentle to his wife, studious not to give her trouble and unnecessary cares? Will he think that work done for her is no task, but a pleasure? Or will he sit and see her bring in big armfuls of wood, heavy pails of water, or heaping baskets of dried clothing and not offer to help her? Will he growl if he cannot find

the boot-jack, snarl if the meals are not "on time," snap because the provision bill is too high or raise a general row because affairs are not just as he would like to have them? No; I don't think this will be like my young friend; I cannot believe it of Horace.

And Aggie! So full of life, animation and good, healthful spirits! I wonder who can paint her future? I'd like to have her always just as she is now, as good tempered, as helpful, as thoughtful and with just as contented a disposition as she is blessed with. Of course she will outgrow her youth—we all have to do that—but I don't want her to outgrow her many good traits. I can't bear to think she will scold her husband, or think that fine dresses are to be the happiness and pleasure of life. Aggie, what shall it be? I am no prophet. I am puzzled and cannot see into your future, but I wish you all the good things of life, the many blessings, the love of some good and true man, for I know you deserve them all.

And does not the incident hold a lesson for us all—for parents, for children, for brothers and sisters, for husbands and wives? Do we never make careless, thoughtless speeches, utter irritable reproofs or complaints, that may sink with bitter pain into the hearts of our loved ones? Do we never feel "out of sorts" and speak crossly, and look severe, and receive the proffered caress with indifference?

And yet—that one unkind word may sadden some hours that should be the happiest of your child's life; that rude speech may rankle with pain in your mother's heart for years; that hateful reply may rise uppermost in your brother's mind when he lies dying in a foreign land, and summoning to his memory recollections of home and kindred; that sarcasm may tingue many an unconceived meditation of your husband's with gall; that indifferent care and parting may blot all joy—for days—out of your wife's existence.

And Aggie! So full of life, animation and good, healthful spirits! I wonder who can paint her future? I'd like to have her always just as she is now, as good tempered, as helpful, as thoughtful and with just as contented a disposition as she is blessed with. Of course she will outgrow her youth—we all have to do that—but I don't want her to outgrow her many good traits. I can't bear to think she will scold her husband, or think that fine dresses are to be the happiness and pleasure of life. Aggie, what shall it be? I am no prophet. I am puzzled and cannot see into your future, but I wish you all the good things of life, the many blessings, the love of some good and true man, for I know you deserve them all.

I have settled your fate, Ernest; you are to be a farmer and have the freshness of eggs, the sweetest of butter, the purest of milk and the dearest and best of wives; your home is to be surrounded with everything that is pleasant and peaceful, and your house will be the snuggest, cosiest spot in creation, for you know, when I get to be an old lady, in cap and spectacles, I'm coming to see you and the grandchildren. And, there's to be a pond full of lilies, with such a lovely boat, all close to the house, and there are to be no mosquitoes, or potato-bugs within one hundred miles! How I shall be disappointed if you are to overthrew all my plans, and, some fine day, bid us goodbye and start to some far-away mining country, leaving "Ida"—will her name be Ida?—to cry her eyes out.

But was it a few years back I was planning a bright future for little Alice, but, so far as its earthly brightness was concerned, my prophecy was at fault, yet her future proved far brighter than I anticipated. She is with the angels now:

"She is singing by Life's river,  
With a crown upon her head!  
Then why should we be sorry?  
When they whisper—'She is dead!'"

May God spare all the little ones to us for many a year, to cheer and brighten our passage when we near the dark river and life fades fast from our view. Let us cherish them now as we hope to be cared for by them hereafter.

"But if He see fit to take them,  
Ere their years of life be run,  
Let no murmur mar our sorrow,  
Let us say: 'They will be done!'"

EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### The Hotel Stove.

I TRAVEL over this country a great deal, and always stop at a hotel—unless I happen to have acquaintances in the town. I travel in a plain way, as I am a plain man, eschewing everything that is frivolous and vain, being of Quaker extraction and soberly sedate.

I sometimes sit in the hotel office close to the stove to warm my rheumatism, and though I must admit that the hotel stove in question, and also in cold weather, isn't always as comfortable as it deserves to be, yet my heart is pained when I hear unseemly jokes cracked upon it by guests who use their mouths a good deal when they talk. I think it is all greatly wrong and very unnecessary, and it should be squelched promptly. I am earnestly opposed to making fun of anything. I do not think it is right. Of the many miserable remarks about the poor, helpless hotel stove which I have been compelled to overhear, I reproduce a few from my memorandum-book, which I put down occasionally; the perpetrators in many cases were properly and promptly punished, and I was glad of it.

"A terrible thing happened here this morning. A country fellow came in and sat down on that stove and began eating a ginger-cake. He evidently did not think it was a stove; but he fooled himself and sat there a little too long, and when he attempted to get up he found that he was froze fast to it. He was rescued with great difficulty. The general verdict was that it was a justifiable case, as it could not be helped."

"That stove has been deserted by its old flame. If the landlord would only light a lamp and put it inside of it, it would look more comfortable."

"Isn't that what you call a cold-air stove?"

"I guess when farmers bring in three-quarters of a cord for a cord of wood the landlord generally buys the other quarter."

"That stove is all-fired cold."

"Give that stove a warm punch, porter, if you please."

"The landlord freezes you here by this stove, but he warms you up on that register on the counter though."

"That stove is no burning shame."

"Somebody left the door open and the fire went out."

"The landlord uses that stove as a refrigerator where he keeps his meat and milk."

"You are mistaken; he rents that stove for a magazine, and merchants keep their powder stored in it. It is the safest place they could find."

"The very legs of that stove are shivering, it is so cold. Why don't the landlord put a warm brick to its feet?"

"What a terrible bad cold that stove has got. If they would give it a dose of liniment, that would warm it up a little."

"Porter, couldn't you scrape a little of the frost off the outside of that stove?"

"No apologies, sir. I would rather you would stand between me and that stove, as it keeps some of the cold away."

"It don't seem possible that the iron in that stove was ever hot enough to be in a melted state."

"If that stove had been made of wood it would be cheaper and do just as well. There is never any fire in it to hurt it."

"That stove would cure a fever in ten minutes."

"The landlord started to fix that fire up but the splinter he went out after he got in his finger, so he had to give it up."

"Wood is worth a good deal in this town; at least, a few sticks in that stove would be very valuable just now."

"That stove's as hot as a cold oven."

"The sentimental woodman must have obeyed injunctions and spared the tree that would have made a good fire in that stove."

"Landlord, if you would put that stove upon the top of the house and bring the chimney down in it would be warmer."

"That stove seems to draw well enough, but it don't seem to be able to draw any wood."

"Open that stove door, if you please, and let a little heat go in, for mercy's sake."

"The landlord had that stove hot last week, but it wouldn't stay so."

"That green wood certainly must be very green to sing so while it is burning."

"You have to put up with it, for every time you say the fire's down the landlord fires up."

"What's the use of putting wood in that stove? they know that it only burns up. You should not ask them."

"Since I come to think of it I think that must have been the furnace which Shamrock Meshack and Abednego went through. I see how it could be done, now. That stove is heated seven times hotter than cold."

"What is that drum for on that stove? Oh, that's for drumming

## THE DYING BARD.

BY JOHN H. WHITSON.

Come, let your snowy fingers sweep  
Across the wild harp's quivering strings;  
And give to me the soothing sleep  
And blissful calm its music brings.

Search out each soft and cheering note,  
And bring its sweetheath on the air;  
Let every pulsing echo float  
And die away in beauty there.

That wild weird harp in days long past  
Has soothed me with its gentle tones—  
Entered with its thrilling blast,  
And chilled me with its curdling moan.

Life's dreary path had been too long—  
My soul long since had sought its rest,  
Had not its cheering, soothng song  
Brought peace and sunshine to this breast.

Its fiery notes in days of youth  
Have sown ambition in my soul;  
In sober years its light and truth  
Were shed upon a nobler goal.

But now in age, the fiery notes  
Have changed into a sobbing moan,  
And every soothng song that floats  
Above it, has a saddened tone.

Still, sweep the strings, and let its song  
Float o'er me in a surging wave;  
For it has been my comfort long,  
Now let it cheer me to the grave!

## Gussie's Happy Escape.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"HANDSOME! Handsome! Why, he's the very handsomest man I ever saw in my life."

Miss Saxonie put the question and Gussie Vesceulus answered it in her pretty, eager way that so many people thought so charming.

She was a charming girl, without mistake; petite and graceful as a swaying lily on its stem; unselfish to such a degree that her friend was a desirable treasure to possess; and so entirely unconscious of all her modest loveliness that it was enhanced a thousandfold.

And now there was a new joyous beauty in her big gray eyes, that looked so eager and interested at their heavy black brows a Miss Saxonie mentioned Hugh Kenneth's name, for into her this man had come, bringing such strange sweetness that the girl was almost overcome by it.

He was her first lover, and that means so much! Not her first beau, nor even her first suitor, but that other totally different creature—her lover and beloved—her splendid, kingly lover, who had condescended from his high estate to woo her.

She loved him entirely. Loved and admired, trusted and revered, and because she could pour out on him all her heart's treasures she was perfectly content, realizing from day to day that heaven itself had come down to her for her acceptance.

And now, after months of absence from home, Gussie's bosom friend and confidant, Maude Saxonie, had returned, and of course must hear over again, from Gussie's happy lips, all the delightful romance that had so exhaustively treated in their correspondence.

So Maude asked, and Gussie answered, until the whole sweet treasure of the little betrothed's heart was unfolded, and Maude read what Gussie never dreamed of—that, after all Gussie's loveliness, and innocent childishness, and charming winsomeness, and girlish beauty, it was more her sung little fortune Hugh Kenneth was after than anything else.

Only it would have been so heartlessly cruel to have whispered her suspicion to the girl, and perhaps it might have been only a suspicion.

So Maude held her peace, and caressed Gussie's soft black hair as the girl went on repeating her happiness, and telling her friend how devoted and exquisitely good, and splendidly grand, her Hugh Kenneth was; and what blessed dream and hopes she enjoyed of the life that promised so rosily before her.

And Maude went away, with a little sigh that Gussie could not have understood—a sigh of wonder if the rosy dreams would ever be verified; a sigh of prophetic pity for the golden hopes that were so beautiful to the happy girl.

A lovely October afternoon was drawing near sunsetting, and Broadway was a scene of animation and gaiety that almost bewildered little Gussie Vesceulus as she stepped out of one of the many doors of Stewart's establishment, adorned with a pretty little maroon leather sachet filled to fullest capacity with a hundred and one little elegancies that tasteful shoppers love to buy; for Gussie was shopping, with plenty of money, and with the most momentous occasion of her life in near vicinity.

It had all been arranged several weeks before, and the wedding was to come off during the holidays—Hugh's and Gussie's wedding, and Gussie was as shyly happy as the autumn days were bright, for Hugh was so devoted, so impatient, so generally perfect.

At home everybody approved, from the dear indulgent parents whose highest happiness was to promote Gussie's, and who permitted the bride elect *carte-blanche* in her arrangements, down to the merest acquaintance who knew of the approaching event.

Everybody—except Maude Saxonie, and Maude Saxonie felt it her duty to say just a few words one day.

"And I'd rather die on bread-and-water a week than have you tell you. I am so afraid for your happiness, dear. If you ask me why, I have only the very unsatisfactory reason Dr. Fell's particular enemy gave—but, Gussie, I am afraid Mr. Kenneth cares more for your fortune than—"

She had not finished the sentence, because Gussie's black eyes began to flash.

"Maude! You mustn't speak so to me of my Hugh! I cannot hear such treason of him."

But Maude was resolved on her unpleasant duty—and Duty so nearly always makes such pitiful sacrifices.

"Bear with me, dear—only this once, and if after time shall disprove my fears, I will accept your displeasure then. Only now—while there is time—I wish you could leave just a little more about him."

Then Gussie had turned coldly away from her friend.

"You insult me, Maude. I would never have thought of this—you this horrid cruelty and cruel suspicion as far as Mr. Kenneth—I am satisfied I will not permit my dearest friend to speak such wicked treason, and for the future I decline to discuss the subject."

Yet the two had not quarreled, because Maude loved Gussie too well to be offended at the girl's natural indignation; and somehow, as Gussie sat in the stage that conveyed her to the Grand Central Depot, she fell to thinking of all these things; and wishing so heartily that Maude only could see Hugh Kenneth in the same light in which she saw him—so noble and grand, so devoted and good, so purely disinterested and kind.

It was dark before she reached the depot—fully a train later than she had intended, and she found she was obliged to wait nearly half an hour for another.

So she ensconced herself in a quiet, dimly lighted corner, where she could look out on the brilliantly lighted scene that kept changing like a leidoscope, and yet be so secluded that no one would see her unless specially looking for her; and with her pale gray traveling suit, and unassuming straw hat, with the gray tissue scarf wrapped around the crown, she certainly would not elicit a second glance from any one in that rush and hurry of change and travel.

So she settled comfortably back in the dark shadows, her sachel on her lap, her shawl over her arm, prepared to enjoy her brief season of waiting; and thinking, away down in her heart, how perfectly lovely it would be if only Hugh were sitting there beside her—thinking, with little thrills of delight, that it would not be so

very long before he would be always by her side.

And, just that minute, there walked into one of the doors, down the large room directly toward her, and took seats not a yard from her, one of the most beautiful, stylish girls she had ever seen, and—Hugh Kenneth!

The first sensation was delight at seeing him; the next, a vague, strange feeling at seeing him with some one else, and whose manner to him, and to her, savored so indisputably of cordial intimacy.

For one little minute Gussie was uncertain what to do; then Mr. Kenneth's low, clear tones that reached her ears as distinctly as though he had addressed her, made her quietly pull her over her face and sit still.

"It was so good of you to come up to the depot with me, Nina!" For all you were so cruel to me once on a time. You tempt my mercyless charmingly, Nina!"

Gussie felt a strange misery creeping deathly over her that was not relieved by a sweet answering laugh, like a chime of silver-tongued bells.

"Because I wouldn't have you is no reason you need rush off and marry some silly little village girl, is it? It's too bad, Hugh, for you to be running away off into the country two or three times a week. She don't care for you as we do."

"She hasn't much attraction, I'll admit, Nina, but a fellow has to have a show of decency at any rate. The old people are rolling in gold, and Gussie—oh, well, I shall not be ashamed of her."

"Then she's not good enough, stylish, nor refined?" Hurriedly, "It's too bad off of you!"

Gussie sat like a stone, her hands tightening on her sachet-handle like little icy clasps.

"Who have you here, Nina?" said the foreman, in a tone of surprise.

"It's a spy!" shouted the next.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the third. "I do believe it is a woman in disguise."

A pause of consternation. Suddenly the three men sprung forward, as if moved by a common impulse.

"This will never do, boys," cried one. "We must take her in charge. There's no help for it."

Kenneth laughed.

"Then you of course—thinking how important Mrs. Hugh will be when she has bestowed her gold upon you."

"I'm not presuming to criticize; I think I only am—well, sympathizing."

She laughed coquettishly, and tapped Mr. Kenneth's arm.

"Sympathizing? With me or Miss Vescelius?"

"With you, of course—thinking how important Mrs. Hugh will be when she has bestowed her gold upon you."

"Then you're very much, ma cherie! When we're married, I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master. Take off now; that's my train only integers in an hour, I shall be putting my protestations in my ladye faire's ear—and thinking all the while how good you are."

"All except the requisite fortune! Good-by, Hugh!"

And in the rush to the gates Gussie saw her betrothed lover retain "Nina's" pretty gloved hand in a close grasp and then she dragged her self out into the same car, and sat where she could see the back of his handsome head, all the way home, and suffer her pain.

She reached the house before him, and was in the parlor when he was announced, and came in, gay, smiling, rapturous as ever.

"My darling!"

She brought the pat salutation to an untimely end.

"Were you addressing me, or did you imagine you were still in the company of the young ladies who escort you to the depot?"

He looked at her pale, indignant face.

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

Her lips curled.

"I am very sure I understand, and that is enough for me. Another time when you and your friend Nina have so many confidences to exchange, take better care to know who hears you. I came up on your train to-night."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"

She said one more, "I shall take precious good care that my wife has her master."

"I am afraid I hardly understand, Gussie, my dear, what you mean about—"



cause I have thought it time to marry and settle down in life!"

"As we have been friends," repeated Elinor, throwing back her head imperiously. "Non-sense, Bruce! Do not think you can deceive either yourself or me with your exalted theories. And you might have spared yourself the trouble of explaining them at such length, and trying to soften their effect. Do you suppose I could know you so well, Bruce Endicott, and not guess that this blow must fall sometime?"

"Then you care little?" asked Bruce, quietly.

"Care? Of course I do. You know that I must. But this is another—none at all. I shall live and be quite contented, even when you have passed out of my life. It is you that will suffer most and the girl you are going to marry."

And, somehow, away down in his heart, despite his theories and his self-sufficiency, Bruce Endicott felt that Mrs. Egerton's words were true. Large a part of her life as he had shared she could still be quite contented when he had parted from it—this brilliant, attractive woman whose independent life and defiance of conventionalities had charmed him dangerously but through many years had been the barrier which had stood between him and matrimony. But he, even with the wife of his choice, would be as happy as he had been through all his intimate comradeship with this splendid, daring Elinor Egerton! And was it true that the girl he was about to marry would suffice through him? Impossible. His wife could but be satisfied with her lot.

"By the way, who is this girl? What is her name? And what is she like?" demanded Elinor, after a moment's pause.

"Her name is Lily Dimson. She is my uncle's ward, and has yet out of mourning for her parents. Without being handsome, she has a pretty figure, a sweet face, and excellent manners. But you will see for yourself, when we come to Newport."

"So you are coming to Newport, too? But I do not need to see her to know her. Your description is all-sufficient—a gentle, good little thing—your ideal woman; and, mark my words, Bruce, you will either break her heart or your own!"

"My dear Elinor, I hope I shall do neither. She is my chosen wife, and she—"

"Adores you! the worse for her!" said Elinor, quietly, as her sister joined them.

And that was the last that passed between those two concerning Bruce's marriage, for many months.

Lily Endicott was at Newport, and the guest of the Thernes; and yet she saw so very little of Elinor Egerton that she scarcely felt so much attachment with her. It had not seemed that Bruce tried to keep his wife and his friend apart. Certainly, he was glad that in accepting the invitation to the home of the gay Southerners his wife, his gentle, complying, sweetly-dignified Lily, had not appeared in society in any intimate association with the woman whom of all others he desired. Mrs. Endicott to be most unlike.

And Lily, sitting in the balcony that opened out of her room, and looking down at her husband banding Elinor Egerton—in glittering ball-dress—into her carriage, and lingering for a moment by the opened window which framed the dazzling face looking out upon him pondered, a'd sought to solve this apparent desire of Bruce to keep his friend to himself.

"You out here, Lily?" said her husband, breaking in upon her thoughts when Elinor and their host and hostess had been driven away. "The night air is not good for an invalid; come in."

Lily took his proffered arm; but when he had placed her upon a sofa, and thrown himself into a chair, and fallen into a reverie, she cried out, suddenly:

"Bruce, you think so much of Mrs. Egerton, I would like to know her better, too."

"That is just what I do not wish you to do," he answered, serenely. "I want my Lily to be just her own quiet, dignified little self; and I am afraid lest association with Mrs. Egerton should change, even so slightly, the charms I so value in my wife."

"But, Bruce, you seem to admire Mrs. Egerton very much—a little pitifully, coming and kneeling at his side."

"Yes; most men admire her—admire her style; but she is not the sort of woman man would want in his home, you know. It would be impossible to imagine her bringing a man his smoking-jacket and slippers, patiently stroking his head when he is tired, and looking after the buttons on his shirt."

"And is that all that a wife is to a man?"—speaking with a sudden fear quivering through her voice, and shining in her tender eyes.

"Oh, no!" a little hastily; "but Mrs. Egerton is predominantly a woman of the world; and one almost too recklessly defiant of its codes and conventionalities. She could never be a domestic woman."

"Most women could be anything for the man they love."

"Do you think so, little girl?" pleasantly leading her back to her sofa. "But be assured I had no desire to make the experiment; in this case, I wanted you for my wife, and my need is satisfied."

"And yet you gave your last free day—your wedding-day—to her," said Lily, slowly, as if speaking to herself, and still pondering a troublesome subject.

"Why not, since it in no way collided with your rights? Surely you are not jealous, Lily?" a trifle wearied and sternly.

"No, Bruce; I shall never be jealous so long as you can tell me that my love satisfies you."

"For Lily! In all honesty her husband had told her that in honesty despite Elinor Egerton's prediction, he believed that he always could. But he learned the truth—they three who were the victims of this man's egotism—learned the truth all too soon."

"Come down and spend the holidays at Larchdale," Mrs. Egerton wrote, two winters later. "There will be quite a party here."

And Mr. and Mrs. Endicott went. And the moment that Bruce entered the presence of his hostess he knew that a flavor that had been missing from his life for months had returned to it.

He was first down in the drawing-room, and Eli or entering, and finding him there, went up to where he leaned against the tiled chimney-place, outlined in the dusk by the flickering wood-fire, and held out her hands to him in the old frank fashion, saying, gravely:

"I am very glad, Bruce, to see you in my home. I hope you like it. Is it not a grand old place?"

"Elinor! Elinor! Elinor!" He had caught her white fingers in a powerful grasp and almost sobbed the words, looking down into her splendid face there.

"What is it?" she asked, shuddering, with a sudden, uncontrollable thrill of her own deeply-buried misery welling up at the sadness in his voice, and seeking to withdraw her hands, but speaking calmly.

"I think I have made a terrible mistake! I never realized it until I came into your presence, to-night, and knew how horribly I have hurried and thirsted for it all along!"

"Oh! no! no!" said Elinor, rapidly and bitterly. "Do not tell me that! You would never have been satisfied with other wife than your ideal woman—a model of gentleness, obedience, propriety. I could have loved you; but you did not care for love—to receive or give it."

"But I do now! Oh, Elinor! That is life, after all! If love is not the masterful passion of one's being, everything else is insipid and worthless. But love ought to atone for all things."

"Hush!" They both stood mute, momentarily, under the spell of Elinor Endicott's asty face. Then Elinor threw herself upon her knees before her; but the girl motioned her away.

"I am jealous of her now, Bruce! I know that you have lied to me all along! Deliberately you have wrecked my life!"

"No, not meaningfully, Lily," coming forward and kneeling with Elinor before his wife. "Oh,

believe me that I thought I was working out my own best happiness and yours when I asked you to marry me."

"And yet you loved her?"

"Do not blame him too severely," said Elinor, quietly. "Bruce Endicott believed, with many another man, that what is admirable in a female friend would not be admirable or lovely in a wife; and that he could compel his heart to walk hand in hand with his judgment. You were his idea of what 'Mrs. Endicott' should be—quiet, submissive, conventional, and he meant to be happy with you, and make you happy."

"And he has failed miserably, because his heart was yours long ago," dreamily.

"But he did not know it, Lily. He had taught himself to believe that he could not love me, however fond he was of my companionship; and even if he had known it he would not have had confidence enough in me to have made me his wife."

"No more excuses for me, Elinor. I do not deserve them. I have been willfully wrong and proud, and blind. But Lily, hear me! There is but one thing left us—to go away, together, and be as kind to each other as we can."

And the next morning the Endicotts left Larchdale and soon sailed for other countries, where Lily never came home—Home? She had none in this world; Bruce had destroyed it for her.

Long after, Bruce Endicott sought Mrs. Egerton, asking, gravely:

"Elinor, is it too late to rectify my mistake? Can you love me after all that I have made you suffer—all the terrible wrong I did Lily?"

"I love you—I always shall. There has not been a moment of my existence, since you first met me—spoiled, reckless, heart-wide young widow, that I would not have laid down my life for your sake, Bruce."

And Endicott knows, now, that love can atone for all things.

### KINGSLEY'S TOMB.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Charles Kingsley started on a missionary voyage around the world, but sickened and died in Asia, and was buried in Palestine.

By sacred waters thou art sleeping,  
And far a'ross the sea,  
Rest thy friends in 'Minster keeping,  
Remote from thee.

Their tombs are 'neath the churched sod,  
Shaded by oak and pine,  
While golden Olivet—Mount of God—  
O'erwashes thine.

The murmur of the sacred sea  
Is heard around thy tomb,  
And flowers the waving lea  
O'er thee bloom.

But then, thy pilgrimage is over,  
And swallows no more remain  
That guard thy lone grave hover,  
By ruined Naïm.

Above the glistening beach of sand  
Are the Moslem minarets,  
While a Christian church in a distant land  
Thy fate regrets.

For there in a majestic sublime  
Death came to thee,  
And thine only funeral chime  
Was the whisper of the sea.

### The Man of Steel;

OR,

The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE,"  
"BEAUTIFUL SPHINX," "SILVER SERPENT,"  
"STAR OF DIAMONDS,"  
"FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

AT THE SCAFFOLD.

A DAY of extraordinary dampness dawned upon reeking Paris, to make more deep the prevailing depression and the muttering voice of tumult.

Hundreds of hearts in the crowded prisons palpitated in dread, as the eyes opened to the dim gray blush of light, breaking like some sudden lantern of uncertainty behind portentous veiling.

At an early hour the keepers were astir and busy counting out the captives doomed to death at noon.

The rain that threatened the night before had fallen in torrents, and now settled down to a cold, shivering drizzle, through which the hurrying figures of men and women moved like phantoms in a mirage.

There were wailings, groans and prayers that day. Fond ties were to be severed by the red hand of the executioner, sweetest hopes nipped almost at the verge of bloom; the last caress, the sobs and tears of loved ones agonized the soul of all who, excepting those grim and scowling minions waiting to drag their victims forth, delighting in the wholesale sacrifice that might long, however, delay the end.

The rain that threatened the night before had fallen in torrents, and now settled down to a cold, shivering drizzle, through which the hurrying figures of men and women moved like phantoms in a mirage.

There were wailings, groans and prayers that day. Fond ties were to be severed by the red hand of the executioner, sweetest hopes nipped almost at the verge of bloom; the last caress, the sobs and tears of loved ones agonized the soul of all who, excepting those grim and scowling minions waiting to drag their victims forth, delighting in the wholesale sacrifice that might long, however, delay the end.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

Forward moved the procession, the fronts of the horses and the sharp sabers of the cavalrymen forcing, cutting, trampling a breach through the dense g throng.

A ghastly tableau was discovered in the laboratory of the chemist.

Flat on the floor, upon his back, lay Poilet St. Liege. Above and asunder of him was Paschal Brock. In the forehead of the latter, which was bared liberally—the casket which contained all the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Paschal to the vast estates of her martyred father, Count Andrew.

There is little more to add.

Pearline and her lover were thus strangely reunited, and the life of malice saved, through the goodness of Providence. The three fled to Germany.

Before their departure, however, Latour had visited the shop of the apothecary on Rue Vienne, and obtained at the hands of Perrue whom he bribed liberally—the casket which contained all the valuable papers requisite to prove the name and title of Paschal to the vast estates of her martyred father, Count Andrew.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it, against the points of which more than a hundred were felled by the pike-men on beyond.

The broad space and branching streets were packed with thousands of the gazing faces of vociferous humans, who paid no heed to the drenching drizzle of rain; and the scaffold was only protected from inevitable demolition by the broadwork of bayonets surrounding it

### MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

My grandfathers clock stood in the hall,  
Where it ticked the years away,  
And I often used to sit and consume;  
"Twas hungry night and day.

"Twas long, and lank, and somewhat old,  
But then it acted bad;

It ran quite fast when I had fun,  
And slow when I was sad.

It counted all my youthful hours;  
It told my mother, too,

What time she gave me many hours  
I had been overeating.

My "in a minute" by that clock  
Was rather long-drawn-out;

It ended sometimes in dispute,  
And I—"I wasn't stout."

It told me when to go bed  
Ends when to get up again;

And then it brought the breakfast hour  
Too previous to noon.

It went against me all the time,  
And somehow made me sour;

And sixty little minutes made  
What they could call an hour.

It interfered so much with time  
When I used to play,

And—something was to pay.

Two dozen hours made a day,

When playing I would toll;

But when I worked that awful clock  
Wouldn't be in need of oil.

It ticked in old time days away  
Before that seemed half through;

It brought me many a happy hour—  
And many a licking, too!

Its tick, tick, tick rings in my ear  
Familiarly to-day;

And it has grinded green.

I've seen the time when that old clock  
Was stuffed too full of time,

But then it brought the hour for meals—  
And then it was *midnight*.

(I think I never missed a meal  
And it never earned);

Those hands have rung off several hours  
Which never have returned.

I watch that clock with other eyes  
In the old time gone by;

It tells me of the speed of time  
And due-bills come on.

Its tick, tick, tick is just the same  
As it used to be,

But then its music, I am sure,  
Is different to me.

Tick on, old clock, the guide of Time,  
Thy voice I love to hear;

And may it for a hundred years  
Make music for my ear.

Deal out your time with careful hands;

The time is changed, you know;

Go lightly, smoothly, old clock,

But—go a little slow!

### Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

#### A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLATO," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

A VILLAINOUS COMPACT—THE SAILOR'S PERIL—THE YACHTSMAN TO THE RESCUE.

In a low room of a sailor's haunt in the pinions of a whaling city two men sat in close discussion. One was a sailor—you could be sure that at a glance—and the other a gentleman, as far as fine clothing and the appearance of culture were concerned. Yet there was something in the lowering glance which he shot from under his slightly raised eyebrows which was far from pleasant. He was a man somewhat past the middle age, who had evidently taken life easily, and proposed to do the same, if possible, during the remainder of his life.

His companion, the sailor, was a person whose face was not altogether bad, and yet who looked like one who might be tempted to do an evil deed, if by that he could advance his own interests. He had a look of cunning in his face now, and was in a mood to drive a hard bargain with the man before him.

"No more drink for me, Mr. Stanford," he said, pushing his bottle. "It won't do for a man in liquor to try to drive a trade. I'm Yankee enough to know that."

"I thought you liked it."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Stanford; drink has been my curse—no man knows that better than you; and who led me to it? But with age comes reason, and I can see that the man who drinks is apt to give himself away in the end. After we come to terms I'll drink as long and as hard as you like."

The gentleman looked at him for a moment with a scowling brow, but at last broke into a laugh.

"Let it go at that, Jack," he said. "I, for one, am glad that you are coming to yourself, for you know well that you would have been in command of a ship long ago but for that one failing. Now, to business: I am going to send a boy to sea with you, this cruise—a boy who has been everything evil, and I want you to break his spirit or break his neck, I don't much care which."

"Go on; you mean something else besides that."

"Perhaps I do. Can't you see a point without it is in my traps to suit you?"

"Yes, I might understand, but I want you to state it in so many words. Would you be very much grieved if the boy never came back?"

The gentleman looked quickly over his shoulder as if to see if any one was watching, and then bent closer.

"Look here, Jack," he said; "on the day when you come back and say that this young cub, whom I hate, is in a place from which he cannot return, I will pay you five thousand dollars and give you the command of the Flying Cloud. What do you say?"

"A bad lot, I'd say!" muttered the sailor, as he filled his glass again. "Curse the old skink! He has been my bane all through life, and I suppose I must do his dirty work to the end of the chapter."

He sat there for an hour, drinking glass after glass of the fiery liquor, until his brain was all in a whirl when he rose and staggered from the place where he knew that he must make his way to the ship which lay in the harbor.

He worked his sinuous way along the streets until the cool air of the sea began to bite at his face, and he came out upon the wharf in full view of the shipping. A small dingy lay there; he entered her with difficulty and got out his oars, pushing away from the wharf and almost upsetting the boat in the attempt to recover his oars.

"Jack, Jack!" he cried, in a tone of supreme contempt. "Here you are, drunk and disorderly; allers drunk when you get a day's liberty ar'now. You ought to be keelhauled, I laud, that's what's the matter. Whoopee! Get out of my way!"

It was bright moonlight, and he was crossing the bows of a swift-sailing yacht, which was standing out of the harbor for a moonlight run, going free, with a merry party on board, most of whom were thinking of anything except the sailor in the dingy. Only one person, a graceful, handsome boy who had just raised the peak and taken a turn to make fast, got his eye on the dingy for a moment.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "pull hard, you lubber port, hard!"

"Lubber yourself, you young skip!" roared the sailor, resting on his oars directly under the bows of the yacht and leaning forward to shake

his fist at the erect figure on the quarter-deck forward.

"Starboard your helm, Dick!" shouted the boy. "Hard, boy, hard!"

The order was promptly obeyed, and the young fellow who gave the order leaped to the peak halyards designing to dip the peak. But the drunken sailor had resumed his oars, and pulled two hard strokes, and the sharp prouf of the bows of the yacht struck the small boat, cutting her down in instant, and they heard a horrible grating sound under the keel as the yacht passed over her.

"Throw her up into the wind, Dick!" shouted the young commander, as he bounded upon the rail, "and you, Ned, stand by to throw me a line!"

Joining his hands above his head he hurried himself head foremost into the water, rising not far from the struggling sailor, who made a desperate attempt to clutch him. But the boy quickly eluded his grasp, and caught him by the thong, and hauled him back of his head.

"No you don't!" cried. "On your back, quick! I'll save you."

The sailor, drunk as he was, seemed to understand that he must obey; he flung himself on his back just as a coil of rope, thrown by a practiced hand, fell across the arm of the brave boy, who caught it with his disengaged hand and sung out to the men on the yacht to haul away. They obeyed promptly, and the two, the boy clinging to the hair of the sailor, were quickly dragged up to the side of the yacht. One of the yachtsmen, bending forward, caught the sailor by the shoulder, when the boy who had saved him released his hold and clambered over the rail. Then they laid hold of Jack Maxwell and dragged him aboard.

"All right, lads," said the boy. "How do you feel, old man?"

The sailor rose slowly, shook himself like a water-dog emerging from a bath, and growled: "You kid-glove sailors don't make no bones of running a man down, do ye?"

"They pick up the chips, howsoever, old boy," replied the man at the helm. "Dry up, you, ef I hadn't bin fur the boy, whar would ye be?" Davis Jones's locker, I reckon."

"That's your catch, Davis! Mighty crank you are, since you took to drinkin'. Didn't yer consid craft cut me in two, say?"

"A man that was fool enough to stop and shake his fist under the bows of a swift-sailin' clipper arter be cut in two. But stow that,

ninety at the least and standing fully six feet high.

Ben was a quiet, silent fellow—in fact, a regular taciturn giant, attended strictly to his duties, and was extremely slow in forming friendships.

But the big mate and myself were by our duties thrown much in contact, for we shared the middle watch together, and of course it wasn't in human nature that two men should pass hour after hour of the silent night together without some talk in conversation, particularly when one of the two was an eager, inquisitive fellow like me, and with a passion for hearing strange stories; and I was fully satisfied, too, that the Big Mate was a walking Arabian Nights, full of strange tales.

At last my curiosity was gratified.

One night, as we were slowly forging upstream with a big load of cotton on board, for once in his life Big Ben became communicative.

I had been relating some little adventures of my own on the upper river during the war, happening in and about the towns of Hard Times and Waterproof, when we Confeds used to lure Yankees gunboat officers ashore, "hunting magicians" as their pursuit of our fair and dashing Southern girls were commonly termed, and then bag the body and boots.

"Women ar' wuss than Old Nick, sometimes," the mate earnestly remarked, when I had concluded my recital.

"Ah, you have some experience, then? Spin a yarn to while the trowsers hours away."

For a wonder the big fellow consented.

"Have you ever been in Mexico?" he asked.

I replied in the negative, for at that time I had never visited the land of Montezuma, although I had been a short time after his period of which I was a novice turned my wayward steps in that direction, and as one of the Foreign Legion I drew my sword in the service of the Austrian adventurer.

"Wal, 'bout ten years ago I followed the sea for a living, and it so happened that I got on board of a little trading craft that picked up a living along the Gulf of California and 'other waters near by. I was captain of the craft and had an interest in the venture; we did considerable trade and a deal more smuggling, and that's what the profit came in."

"Wal, one fine day we came to anchor off Guyamas—mebbe you know whar the town is?"

I signified that I did, and the story proceeded.

"Tiger led the way right straight through the town, trotting on ahead with his bushy tail wagging in a dance in a while turning his head around to see if I was following him.

"It was very early in the morning and there was hardly a soul stirring in the town.

"Tiger went right on through the town and then took a country road leading to the interior. We followed this road about five miles I suppose, and then we came to where a turbulent mountain stream was rushing down. It was in the spring, and the rains had swollen the branch into quite a river.

"When we came to the stream the dog turned abruptly to the right, and took a sort of blind trail leading to the bank of the branch.

"It was a rocky, narrow pathway, and it was no easy job to follow it but stuck close to the dog's heels, much to his delight, and finally we came to a little sort of clearing on the opposite bank was a small sort of cabin. The moment the dog caught sight of the cabin he sat down on his haunches, and pointing his nose at the hut gave a low growl.

"I jumped at the difficulty in a moment. Johnny was in the cabin. Some of the Guyamas Greasers had watched him come on shore, and knowing that he attended to the schooner's business had got the idea that he had money with him, so they decoyed him to the lonely cabin; I felt sure that the boy was in there, but whether alive or dead I knew not.

"I forced the stream, and, just as cautious as a coon stealing into a hen-house, peeked into the house.

"Wal; there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the room and then hauled him out, just as sick as a whistle. There was a guilty jest right back of the house, and no sooner had I got him out than I heard a noise coming up the bank where the Greasers came tearing out, but just as I grabbed a tree and Johnny fainted dead away.

"I grabbed a tree and Johnny fainted dead away with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see—rocks and sand and boulders a-tearing along. The Greasers howled, brandished their weapons, and then took to their heels. I reckon they thought that I was some king of a foreign devil and had started the hell-billing. Wal, that little landslide airtightquake saved us and we got safely back to the schooner, boy, dog and all."



"Johnny fainted dead away with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see."

"Johnny got over the fright in time, but he never hankered much after that for black-eyed gals, particularly them pieces of calico hanging out round Guyamas."

### Tableaux Vivants.

SOME PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENTS FOR WINTER—ARRANGEMENTS—INSTRUCTIONS AS TO THE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE STAGE AND GROUPING OF THE FIGURES—SUBJECTS FOR TABLEAUX.

There are few amusements which give so much entertainment to young and old as the performances of tableaux vivants and winter of all others is the period when the ingenuity of hundreds of young people in cities and country houses will be taxed to the utmost to invent and arrange artistic groups for their entertainment.

Tableaux do not involve the trouble of "study" as plays and charades do, and with the help of a person with a fair knowledge of color and grouping, they may be easily arranged in a very short time. There is no chance of disagreement as regards the choice of parts, for the characters may be equally well placed and well dressed.

In a country house where there is a hall or gallery stage can be constructed with very little difficulty at the end of it, and, with a screen or curtain to form a border, scarcely required. Those who have the usual double drawing-room in which to arrange their pictures may also be sure that, with proper attention to details, they will be as successful as people who have greater space at their command.

In a drawing-room the stage should be about three feet from the ground, and about ten feet square, but we have seen very effective tableaux without any stage at all. One most ingenious and exquisite, however, is abundant light, for upon this depends the success of the entertainment almost entirely depends. Footlights must not be thought of, as they throw out dark and unbecoming shadows on the countenances. The best way of lighting the stage is from the side. Two candlesticks, or reflector-lights, on each side of the folding doors, will answer the purpose. The floor must always be covered with a dark drugget, and a curtain made of calico of a dark shade, opening in the center, must be provided.

A very high screen, to form a background, will complete the properties, if we except a piece of blue tarleton nailed tightly across the doors between the audience and the figures.

The audience must not be placed too close to the stage. There should be a space of about four yards to separate the spectators from the actors.

Moonlight may be produced by fastening green glass in front of the lights; firelight by doing the same with red glass. There should, of course, be one person of the party chosen to be stage manager. He should have the grouping of all the pictures, and should not perform in them himself. To provide appropriate music for each tableau should be the task of a different person, and two others should do nothing else but attend to the curtain, for it is most important that it should be drawn and closed at the proper time.

The performers should be sufficiently numerous to prevent the necessity of the same persons appearing consecutively, since the changing of costumes will take up considerable time.

With proper attention to the few hints we have suggested, nothing more need be considered necessary for stage appointments.

As regards the grouping of figures, a taste for light and shade will have to be studied. Too brilliant colors have to be avoided. Should there be a figure in the picture on which the interest centers, and that a female figure, she should be dressed in white or black. The tallest figures should stand in the background, and there also the light or shades should be placed. Two or three plainly-clad figures